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FAIRFAX

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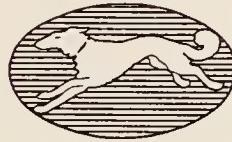
BY

CARL STERNHEIM

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY ALFRED B. KUTTNER

"Europe makes me vomit"



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FAIRFAX

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F A I R F A X

I



HE end of the Great War left Jimmy Fairfax almost bored to death. He sat in his palatial home on Fifth Avenue fairly yawning his head off, until it looked as if he would dislocate his jaw at any moment. In the four years during which the Great Issue was being decided on the other side of the pond, he had not known a single idle moment. He had been completely engrossed in turning out his unrivalled "Excelsior" shells, a brand of high explosive projectiles famous all over the world for their destructive effect. As the demand for them increased to gigantic proportions with the progress of the war, it had become necessary to erect an endless succession of factories, workingmen's homes, railroad spurs, wharves, docks and steamships. The bloody suppression of strikes and labor insurrections and the wholesale bribery of governmental officials, political leaders and journalists had further occupied his attention. These activities had kept him so busy that he had not had the time

to feel the emptiness of his mind for even the fraction of a second.

All this had come to an abrupt end with the defeat of the stubborn Germans and the Treaty of Versailles. Of course he had immediately put all his plants on a peace footing and had converted them for the manufacture of agricultural implements, including the simplest scythes and the most powerful farm tractors. But it had soon become apparent that there was only a limited demand for these articles. No amount of frenzied newspaper propaganda pouring forth paroxysms of hate, could materially stimulate sales. The activities of special agents or stock market manipulations were equally ineffective. Besides, it mattered little to Fairfax what became of his plows or threshing machines. They lost their identity as soon as they left his factories; that was the end of them as far as he was concerned. How different it had been when one of his gigantic liners, loaded to the gunwhale with a hundred thousand steel shells of the latest design, succeeded in evading the submarines and discharged its cargo at some European port. Such an achievement, magnified a thousandfold through the newspapers, was a real tonic to his nerves and filled him with renewed confidence for further activities.

He required some such incentive. For he was a practical nature, who liked to see results. He was not one of those imaginative individuals who can hold a piece of money in their hands and call up a picture of what it represents in terms of expended energies. It was necessary for him to be at close grips with life, to feel the impact of his gigantic fists reverberating through the world.

For years he had not entered a theatre, or a museum, or read a book, not to mention entering a church. His bounding vitality had made these treasured curiosities

from the past look a little ridiculous in his eyes. But now, with the first signs of declining energy, he made a careful start by reading Dickens' "Pickwick Papers" and taking a box for all the Caruso performances.

He conceived the idea of forming the first private collection of paintings in the United States, and cabled Rosenthal Brothers in London to send him half a dozen Rembrandts for a starter. Rosenthal Brothers happened to be out of Rembrandts and strongly advised him to buy some Rubens which they had on hand. As far as Fairfax was concerned it was really a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other and a fist full of Rubens might make old man Rockefeller even more jealous than the Rembrandts. He decided at first to try to find out how Rockefeller would feel about it, but half an hour later he bought in the pictures for five million dollars because the chance of putting such a large sum into a hundredweight or so of paint and canvas seemed too good to pass up.

For a month and a half he remained engrossed in buying up entire picture galleries as they came under the hammer. Any big names like Cimabue or Picasso were bought blind because any guarantee of the genuineness of paintings did not seem particularly important to him. Just let them hang in his collection for a while, he thought, and art experts and the public would accept them soon enough.

Next he acquired the crown jewels of the reigning houses of Montenegro, Serbia, Bulgaria, and finally Austria, thus getting rid of an additional thirty-two million dollars. The same sum of money brought a collection of holy reliques formerly owned by the Archduke Frederic the Wise of Saxony* from whom it had passed through various vicissitudes until it got into the hands of a Hungarian bishop who had been ruined by speculation on the stock mar-

*See *The Life of Luther*, by Adolf Hausrath, Berlin, 1913.

ket. The show piece of this collection was some thread spun by the Holy Mother, together with some hair from her braids, the basin in which Pilate had washed his hands free of guilt, a large part of the body of the patriarch Isaac, and twenty-five branches from the burning bush of Moses. Besides all this, there were also the well preserved quill with which Saint Luke had written his testament, two pitchers from the marriage at Canaan, one of the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas had betrayed Jesus, and so forth.

The business of installing, arranging, and cataloguing these treasures, while constantly augmenting his collections with fresh purchases, kept Fairfax occupied for the greater part of the year 1919. In June of that year he succeeded in acquiring one hundred and twenty-seven landscapes by Corot and forty-six first class examples of Courbet which he bought in joblots from a Paris dealer, and a few lentils from the mess of potage for which Esau had sold his birth-right. His collection now comprised, in round numbers, eight thousand objects of art and three thousand, five hundred relics, representing an investment of one hundred and fifty million dollars. This was little enough, to be sure, but the world markets had been stripped of everything of importance. Even the best houses had nothing left to offer except odd pieces like the old hickory stick of Saint Paul.

Fairfax could not make up his mind to go in for a collection of trophies of the World war on a large scale because there was still no means of telling what value the international public would ultimately put upon these goods. Despite the entreaties of his beloved sixteen year old daughter Daisy, he therefore declined the offer of Ludendorf's magnetic belt as well as Foch's truss, though both had been offered to him at a comparatively reasonable price.

But now a depressing sense of boredom began to dampen his interest in these trivialities, while a stomach complaint gradually undermined his enjoyment of life, despite the cures foisted upon him by medicinal authorities. Finally a specialist advised him to follow the example of Li Hung Tschang and try a wet nurse.

He sampled a dozen, young, well qualified American wet nurses and imported some hardy Czerkess and Czech women. But they must have had water in their veins, for Fairfax grew more listless and apathetic from day to day. Finally his daughter Daisy advised him to get a few strapping Sioux mammies from a tribe of Dakota Indians famous for their warlike proclivities and their enterprising spirit.

Three splendid specimens were forthwith engaged and within eight days Fairfax's blood coursed through his veins and cleared his stomach and his whole intestinal tract. Soon the wet nurses had to abstain from meat and alcohol for fear that their charge might get completely out of hand from this access of fresh energy.

Though well satisfied with this great increase of initiative Fairfax now realized more keenly than ever that America could provide no adequate outlet for his energies. He was in the same plight as every other American from the Bering Straits to Cape Horn. For the accumulation of untold war profits had made it impossible to invest the greater portion of a capital that ran into billions and billions, without counting the vast interest payments that came rolling in from the money lent to Europe. Merely to spend money, to let your bank roll rip on any impressive scale was exhausting work, and many people were utterly prostrate from investment worries. To want to launch new undertakings and accumulate a still larger fortune was bound to arouse criticism. It was a simple

matter to increase your fortune by merely spending your money, because whatever you bought was bound to increase in value on account of the enormous demand and constantly leaping prices. One fool offered ten million dollars for Anna Bolyn's wedding ring and for twice that sum a war profiteer acquired a stone from Washington's gall bladder. Saint Luke's quill alone could have netted Fairfax a king's ransom.

It would take more than a decade to level the overflowing money bags.

No, America was no place to make Fairfax feel the cost of things again, especially with the glow of Sioux blood that was now coursing through his veins. The thought of living on in a world that could afford him no more surprises was very depressing.

His daughter Daisy could still be accommodated for a time. She was following her strongly sensual inclinations in utter disregard of public opinion; he had seen her infatuated in turn with a bar-tender, a professional dancer and a jockey. She would spend lavish sums on such puppets while at the same time she skilfully used her wealth to maintain a clumsy barrier between herself and the unbridled desires of these individuals.

In a spirit of sheer exuberance Fairfax built a magnificent suspension bridge over the Pelly River in an isolated valley of the Rocky Mountains, and equipped a record breaking expedition to the North Pole for the purpose of making a super film. On this expedition five hundred dogs and one hundred and seventy people perished, many of whom, brought back frozen in solid blocks of ice, were shown upon the screen. But Fairfax's impotent rage at his inability to do anything really staggering, however hard he tried, was beginning to assume dangerous forms, so that his whole entourage, including the wet nurses,

were in a rebellious mood, while Daisy was slowly becoming melancholy.

Some films of devastated Flanders and Northern France, tricked out with phantastic remnants of atrocities on which the smell of blood seemed to be still fresh, showed him a marvellous picture of destruction and gave him the idea that in Europe he could at least see for himself what he had accomplished, even though he could no longer hope to see the results of his labors in the World War in their pristine state. As long as there were no new fields to conquer these past accomplishments might at least give him a genuine emotion.

No sooner said than done. He provisioned and equipped the most luxurious of his pleasure yachts and took aboard his contingent of Sioux mammies, taking good care to fill a special larder with rare delicacies to suit every possible vagary of their palates. He also took along a whole Indian tribe consisting of seven members, including both sexes, whose future progeny was to make him independent of his home country. On the fifteenth of April, 1919, Fairfax and his daughter Daisy embarked for Europe. The weather was ideal for the beginning of a trans-Atlantic trip.



II

FAIRFAX sent a wireless to all the leading agencies of Europe with orders to have something startling ready for him. He did not specify what he wanted except to make it clear that they must exercise their imagination to the limit. An x-ray of Europe that would show all her war wounds at a glance. *Los Desastros de la Guerra* bound in quarto format. Dante's Hell applied as a common denominator. He didn't want any description or discussion of the evil consequences of the general massacre; he was after the real thing in the concrete. Fairfax had little confidence in the historical imagination of Americans but was all the more inclined to believe that the European mind, with centuries of experience in painting and the drama, would be able to fulfill his expectations. He hoped to find some enterprising stage director who could give him a lurid panorama of the whole five year catastrophe, with special emphasis upon the effect of the Fairfax brand of high explosives, which would be so sensational that it would not only sum up the whole past performance but stimulate him to greater exertion in the future.

At first these various agents replied with a few tame phrases. But they soon seemed to grasp that something really ne plus ultra was expected of them, and as they got into the spirit of the thing their proposals became more daring. Berclay Limited of London went so far as to suggest a repetition of the incineration of Louvain on the spot,

with all the ruthless details. They said it was merely a question of money.

Another proposal of theirs was to re-enact the battle of Château Thiéry with special emphasis upon the fateful assistance of the American troops, the tanks and the Fairfax brand of lyddite. They claimed to have gotten into touch with the proper authorities, whose consent was assured. An agreement was ready for signature with the Latvian Government binding it to deliver a German division which was still interned there together with convoy, artillery, and ample ammunition, on condition that Fairfax would undertake to feed and support the entire population of the Latvian Republic for a period of two years.

Fairfax got the joke. He was pleased to see that the firm had at least got into the spirit of the thing in displaying such willingness to do something extraordinary. He remained convinced that something of this sort or even better would really be feasible.

In the narrow confines of the ship his eagerness to outdo himself rose to the highest pitch so that there were moments when he almost had to have himself tied to the mast as a safeguard against the bounding energy which felt like the prickling of charged water in his veins.

He was less pleased at discovering his daughter Daisy one evening in the arms of Mumfo, the chief of the Sioux. When he flew into a rage she parried by asking him what was the point of being the only child of Jimmy Fairfax if she was to be judged by ordinary standards. As far as the Sioux chief was concerned he was as innocent as a child. He was without temperament, contrary to the expectations one might have had from his youth and his race, and it was she who had seduced him with all the arts of coquetry. Besides, love played a subordinate part

in American life, and she hoped that in Europe Fairfax would at last fulfill the expectations which the old world owed her, to judge from his extravagant actions and his rather broad hints. Otherwise she would have cause to regret having left the solid comforts of Fifth Avenue, not to mention other things.

Fairfax gave voice to more practical fears.

Daisy laughed him off with a superior air and added that the question was hardly a proper one for a father, a gentleman, or a Fairfax!

Despite a certain bewilderment the girl's decisiveness pleased him; it was so touch and go with his program. She was right. What was the use of being Daisy Fairfax, heiress to billions, if you were going to have the worries and the inhibitions of a high school miss. Besides, her opinion of her first lover proved that she had a feeling for quality and was not to be bluffed about the essential things of life.

He was much impressed with her. He remembered that she had been the one to advise him in the matter of the Sioux Indians and decided that in the future it would be a wise thing to let her in on his plans and to listen to what she might have to say. He showed her the exchange of telegrams with the agents.

All these preliminaries were childish, she told him. How could he trust to such dull commercial minds to guess the subtleties of his imagination? Did he perhaps think that Napoleon, when Emperor of France, had consulted Berclay Limited, or Perrier & Sons about what to do. It was a case of a Fairfax, with his brutal will and his bunch of check books, against the low exchanges of Europe. And if that wasn't enough, he always had her to fall back upon. What had he been drinking all that Sioux milk for?

It could hardly be the object of so pretentious a trip to re-hash what had already been done. Daisy went on to explain that the difference between the two continents was not that the World War should have taken place in Europe; this incident was in fact in danger of being somewhat overrated. The point was that the hopeless jumble of different races and nationalities in Europe opened up unlimited possibilities so that anything and everything might be expected. To put it more simply, America was a safe and sane land of commercialism and economics whereas Europe was given over to philosophic speculation and was therefore ripe for anything that his wildest hopes called for.

It certainly had not occurred to him to try to realize his desires in Asia or Africa, because he knew well enough that the racial characteristics there were all against him. He was therefore right to put his entire confidence in the craving of Europeans for synthesis. But for this no preparations of any kind were necessary.

Fairfax had to admit that his daughter had the better of the argument and therefore controlled himself for the rest of the crossing, which he found comparatively easy to do because his milk supply suddenly diminished both in quantity and in quality. When he told Daisy about this she grinned and asked him whether she could talk frankly to him as man to man. On receiving his consent she informed him that she had had her own reasons for warmly recommending the invigorating milk diet to her Indian friend, but that she was also glad to see that the resulting curtailment of her father's supply while confined on board ship had had such good results.

Fairfax started to fly off the handle again. But Daisy pointed to starboard, where England's chalk cliffs were looming, and added that the whole thing, including the

Indian chief, would be settled and out of the way once they were on land and among people again. So why waste any more words about it?



III

THE eight days which they spent in England were sheer torture to the Fairfaxes. On every hand conversation seemed to be strictly limited to the boches, as if nothing else existed. Everybody talked endlessly about what had been gotten from the boches and what was still to be feared from them. The newspapers, the weeklies, and the illustrated magazines were full of scraps of German, with such words as "Weltauffassung" and "Kultur" staring at one from every page.

People seemed to be spending their entire days taking courses in German for beginners and for advanced pupils. Marx, Nietzsche and Einstein were learned by heart, and Bach, Wagner and Mahler were being murdered wherever one went. It began to look as if this victorious nation, which ever since Shakespeare had been resting on its artistic laurels, was intent upon becoming the last word in culture with the aid of the glorious achievements of her vanquished enemy.

Fairfax was bitterly disappointed. He had hoped for something intrinsically English as a foretaste of the maddest pleasures on the continent. Instead, he found the country divided strictly according to Northcliffe, into those who lived on their hatred of the boche and those who trembled and hesitated in the face of the great unknown that went by the name of German.

Fairfax was horrified at this parasitic attitude which

could boast of no positive achievement of its own and supinely allowed the spirit of the vanquished enemy to impose itself everywhere. He hastily arranged an unconventional ball in order to dissipate the worst of his boredom. The most tolerably attractive of his hired worshippers was the widow of an English Captain and a Scotch-woman by birth. She promptly made her amorous advances in German! This was enough to cure him of "Merrie" England for life. As for Daisy, she complained that all the Englishmen she had met, no matter from what sphere of society, were mentally inferior to her Sioux beau, quite aside from any other qualifications that they might have. The Fairfaxes would have been glad to depart after five days, if Rullah, the oldest and the most copious of the Indian mammies, had not developed a carbuncle on her left leg which made it impossible to proceed.

As a result of this delay Fairfax had to submit to a meeting with the British Minister of Finance, who brought him the official greetings of the Government and permanently spoiled Fairfax's taste for the British Commonwealth.

The Minister gave his lengthy opinion about obtaining new English credits in the United States and dilated upon the point of view of the Wall Street Bankers. Fairfax, purple with rage, stuttered incoherently that he did not give a damn about Wall Street and wanted to know how England could dare to ask for further credits instead of settling down at last to pay her gigantic debts. The real victors of the World War, like Japan and America, were swimming in gold, and anybody who had no money was to all accounts and purposes a beaten man. He was in the habit of investing his capital where he could get a run for his money. There was no doubt in his mind that England, aside from having two mortgages on her hands

in Ireland and India, for which she could not even raise the interest, was living on credit from France's chauvinism, Belgium's gesture of Martyrdom, America's real enterprise and Germany's methods. England, as far as he could see, was absolutely bankrupt. She would not get a single shilling out of him.

He also refused an invitation from King George for fear that it might be a trap on the part of his Majesty to touch him for a round sum. All agents, brokers, and managers were shown the door, including the Rosenthal Brothers, who tried at the last moment to tempt Fairfax with the offer of a well preserved foetus of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth, neatly sealed and labelled in a bottle of alcohol,

No, he was through with this land of underdone roast-beef and indigestible porter with which Daisy for the first time in her life had drunk herself under the table out of sheer desperation over the eternal London fog, the equally eternal tea, and the outrageous low neck gowns of British matrons of advanced vintage.

As far as Fairfax was concerned England had drawn the rottenest kind of balance sheet of the war. He had a feeling for the undertones of life and his ear caught the whining of a very sick John Bull above the cheerful ditties of the hour. Looking down from his aeroplane on his way to Dover he saw the chimneys over the whole country-side hung with black crepe, with the smoke trailing pitifully to one side.

"This race is exhausted and incapable of further development; they have no humor for the extraordinary," he said to Daisy, who nodded in assent. "They are dying of their English principles and their craze to unify and consolidate everything. With them war, revolution, bol-

chevism, or anything else, no matter how original it may be, ends by becoming English and tame. If an Englishman came to Ceylon, and saw blocks of concrete putting forth flowers in the tropical sun, he would remain unmoved. I had the most pleasant anticipations of meeting the first genuine Bolchevists, whom I consider our future opponents. And yet when I met them in London I could not distinguish them from the Conservatives. They were so sensible and businesslike. If they ever got into the saddle in England they would never give anybody the free hand which is indispensable in making great changes. They would show the same damnable correctness that is death to any man of enterprising spirit."

"That hotel manager took offense at the way our Indians treated the furnishings in our suite," said Daisy, "even though we more than repayed him for everything that had been damaged or destroyed. He seemed to think that we had made a filthy mess."

"These people don't appreciate the unusual," snapped Fairfax. "I tell you they are a dead race. Not another cent will they get out of me."

"But you should have taken the mummy of the Virgin Queen's illegitimate child for two million pounds."

"Since when has London become a market for such out of the way things?" asked Fairfax. "And if there is one mummy there must be others; they are bound to have one in France, where people have a feeling for such things. I'll buy it with French francs for half the price."

"Righto!" said Daisy.



IV

AN AEROPLANE flight over the harbor of Antwerp told Fairfax the story of Belgium at a glance. The bestial things that had taken place there during the war could be looked at later; but the future of the country stood clearly revealed when he saw a single small ship riding at anchor in a harbor that had accommodations for hundreds of liners. Belgium was destined to be a colony of France. Before the war she had been little more than the mouth through which Germany fed herself. Now she had become the anus of France.

The little country's heroic aloofness pleased Fairfax. What a relief from the snobbish smartness of England, which was really so hollow. Here sheer idiocy confronted him, a supreme naiveté which excited sympathy and was utterly captivating to a sensitive nature such as his. There was something antediluvian about it, a kind of phantastic hunger strike with a touch of personal dignity, or like a young girl who says: I do not dance and I don't like whipped cream.

Here at last a modern nation was not putting its economic welfare upon the stock exchange list. The Ougrée Maryhaye stocks, which had been quoted at twenty-four hundred during the German occupation, had fallen to twelve hundred after the victory. On arriving at his hotel in Brussels Fairfax cabled instructions to New York to sell six million dollars worth of Belgian interprovincial

bonds, the only Belgian securities he owned. And no matter what nonsense Belgian statesmen and business men talked to him, he always answered with an undercurrent of sympathy for the Belgian nation. It would no more have occurred to him to disillusion the friendly King Albert and his charming, somewhat aenemic Bavarian wife, than to try to persuade a negro chieftain to take the wooden ring out of his nose. On the contrary, he took the occasion of a little dinner given to him and Daisy in the impoverished but clean palace in Brussels to drink a toast to noble, altruistic Belgium, and was genuinely moved as he raised his glass of champagne to Their Majesties.

He thoroughly examined the jagged ruins of Dinant, Furnes, and Ypres, and sympathized with the Belgians in their effort to preserve them with the utmost care in order to perpetuate their beautiful, altruistic martyrdom, which at last had given them a position in the history of the world. Some day he felt, when they had perished utterly from the earth, they would merit a phrase like that which a certain Roman Emperor had applied to himself at the moment of his death: *qualis artifex pereo!*

Otherwise, as far as the effect of the explosives was concerned, he was rather disappointed in his first view of the battle-fields and the famous ruins. In view of the fact that a large part of his shipments of explosives had been consigned to Belgium, he had expected to find much greater destruction and more complete wreckage. Daisy was of the same opinion.

She called his attention to a conspicuous spot in the demolished townhall of Ypres where a single pilaster had survived the impact of half a dozen howitzer shells of large calibre. This gave Fairfax a practical demonstration of the fact that though even his goods had not always been of the first quality, a state of war neverthe-

less presented the only possibility of disposing of them on a grand scale. Compared to war conditions, the normal peace demand simply did not count, in spite of the best intentions of his customers.

This was the first profound impression that the trip had made upon Fairfax and completely justified his having taken it. Neither the Belgians nor the English could be depended upon in any serious crisis and future decisions in Europe could be made over their heads.

What remained deserving of praise were the Belgian cuisine and the incomparable beauty of Belgian women. Despite Daisy's protests, who could not wait to get to Paris, Fairfax lingered for three full weeks in Brussels in order to become acquainted with these ravishing creatures who were so experienced in the arts of love. He considered it a huge joke in the history of the world that many of these ladies acknowledged their undying love for certain Germans whom they had captivated and carefully initiated in these arts during the occupation.

There were also many beautiful children of tender age who were the object of their mothers devoted care. Thus Fairfax realized that the Germans had not only destroyed great works of art with admirable persistence but had industriously created quite as many new ones. In Brussels he found that the memory of those cavalry officers who had filled official positions in the Place Royale was especially cherished. These gay blades, in their gaudy uniforms and clanking spurs, had often dined in the smartest restaurants such as the "Filet de Sole" and the "Globe." Prince Patatiber, a member of the black currasiers and former district chief of Brussels, had become a kind of legendary figure.

He was moved to genuine sympathy at his departure. The Belgians, when not entirely absorbed in cultivating

their martyrdom, spent all their time in factional strife between the Flamands and the Walloons, or between the liberal and the catholic parties. Why couldn't they settle their differences before their final destruction and devote what time was left to their incomparable women? The very thought of these ravishing creatures made Fairfax blow imaginary kisses to their memory.

V

THE vestibule of the hotel Grillon in Paris was jammed full of people who were straining their necks and treading upon each others toes in expectation of Fairfax. The imagination of Paris was boiling over at the thought of his dollars and even the most phantastic figures were regularly multiplied by twenty. Fairfax, accompanied by Daisy, who was the target of all men's eyes, could hardly force his way through the dense crowd. The Sioux Indians in their full war paint increased the sensation to gigantic proportions. There was no one in the waiting crowd who would not willingly have signed his soul away to Fairfax in deference to his slightest wish. Reporters lined the balustrades, or literally performed gymnastic feats on the ceiling, and the elevator boy who took the struggling mob up to Fairfax's reception room had his wrist paralyzed from operating the elevator control. A similar fate overtook the boy who relieved him. Women fainted in the elevator and one of them was delivered of triplets. But for drastic measures on the part of the police, who charged into the vestibule on horseback, there would have been bloodshed among the crowd.

The star spangled banner waved proudly from the roof of the hotel!

Fairfax was enchanted with this grand display of élan vital on the part of the Parisians, for which Daisy had to some extent prepared him, and Daisy herself was hap-

pily occupied in nursing the handsome elevator boy who had been tenderly transported into her suite. But the proposals for entertaining Fairfax in Paris turned out to be far from extraordinary.

For the most part he was completely misunderstood, it being taken for granted that he was out for erotic amusements in the best Parisian manner. He was offered the entire virginity of France, with nothing to do but to open the directory at random in order to make his selection. Pictures of the finest ladies of the town, with prices attached, were submitted to him and he was given the choice of the wives and daughters of former ministers, generals, and ambassadors; all the subtleties of cambric and linen in every conceivable erotic combination.

Fairfax asked the agents whether they did not know that all this was to be had in America, even though not in so convenient a form. They had completely misunderstood his telegrams. This was not what he was after, thank God! He did not want debilitation; he wanted to be stimulated, to have his sense of power and importance multiplied; he wanted to be the hammer beating on granite, not the anvil. Steel was his meat, not the soft flesh of women. America for the moment offered nothing worthy of his ambition, there was nothing there to feel the impact of his mailed fist. He had set his hopes upon finding chaos in Europe as a prelude to new creation. Let them submit plans and outlines, the more extravagant the better.

He was quite ready to be a kind of God to Europe.

As soon as his hearers had recovered a little they signified their willingness to do anything. But it quickly became apparent that French thought and emotion were entirely wrapped up in the boche, just as had been the case in England and Belgium. Only in France this attitude was

even more passionate, so that nothing else seemed to exist.

Such complete devotion to one object began to fascinate Fairfax. In France the problem of Germany had apparently quite overshadowed the phenomenon of Russia and bolchevism. Even the most gigantic financial resources could not fascinate the French imagination for any length of time unless they were applied to the German problem. At bottom this was only natural. Had not France for years and years spent all her resources in labor and taxes on military preparations against her Eastern neighbor?

It struck him that the whole Entente, individually and collectively, would be at their wits end to know what to do without this ferocious hate for Germany.

For the first time in his life Fairfax felt a sharp curiosity about these unknown Germans. Daisy, he noticed, felt it too. He realized that for France Germany did not merely represent an interest which could be replaced by some other interest if the occasion should arise. Such might be the case with other countries. But with the French, their very existence seemed to be wrapped up in Germany, even though the Germans made every hair on their heads stand on end.

Fairfax thought that this fanatical impulse of the French could be used to shape the future events of the entire world for many years to come, without depending upon any other driving force. Of course it would be necessary to evolve some practical program of action to concentrate the entire nation upon this one burning issue instead of allowing such splendid energy to be dissipated in phantastic trifles and conceits. A business of incalculable proportions, with brilliant profits for all the industries of the world, could be built up upon a mutual hate propoganda between these two nations. No other undertaking in the

world, not even the best organized bolchevist movement, would be able to touch it.

For the present Fairfax did not consider it important to ascertain the German point of view on the subject. He knew that the Germans were also plentifully supplied with hate which they cultivated of their own accord as a sign of respectability, whether they felt it or not. It would be all the better if he did not ascertain their precise attitude until later on. For the present he could make all the necessary plans and preparations in regard to them on the basis of the unequivocal French attitude which was not likely to be thwarted by outside interference on the part of other countries.

He therefore simply gave instructions to collect convincing proof of this state of mind in France so as to have it on hand in available form. The basis of payment for this information was the degree of hate it revealed; the cruder the examples the better. Thus he collected all the French proverbs and jokes about Germans that had been current in France for the last hundred years, from the most stupid sauerkraut jokes to the saying of Hansi's "Professor Knatschke." The following story was the gem of his collection. An Englishman, a Frenchman and a German were once locked up together with a malodorous goat with the idea of seeing which nationality could stand the goat longest. The Frenchman was the first to break away, followed soon after by the phlegmatic Englishman, both of them running away as fast as they could, as if goaded by furies. But the third to escape was the panic-stricken goat, while the German remained serenely behind.

He also collected atrocity pictures, painted in flaming colors, of Prussian Uhlans charging upon the civil population with the freshly dripping breasts of young girls

impaled upon their lances, or breakfasting on crisply broiled French babies which they devoured before their camp-fires.

The charges against Germany made by all the leading intellectuals of France, including generals, politicians, scientists, priests, and poets were all gathered together. Within two months he had collected twelve illustrated folio volumes which he distributed gratis in France and practically gave away to all other civilized nations.

He was highly amused by the story of the wife of a French Professor who during the war drugged two Prussian officers and then buried them alive. She had been caught in the act but had been declared not guilty by a German court marshal on the assumption that she was completely insane. Now her relatives suddenly insisted that she was by no means unbalanced, despite the opinion of the German insanity experts, and that she had performed an act of revenge in full possession of her faculties. They hailed her as a heroine, a landmark in the history of France and a symbol of what could be done in the way of hating Germany. Such a to-do was made about her that she was exhibited three times a day on the screen in the act of performing her patriotic task. The box office made a killing and the public went wild with enthusiasm.

Fairfax proposed that the minister of fine arts should burn the Louvre as well as the contents of all museums and libraries. He argued that it was uneconomical, if not downright dangerous to the state, to allow the national spirit of hate to be distracted by such superfluous matters as art and literature. This applied, as the minister admitted, not only to modern books and pictures, which treated of everything under the sun except what was essential to France, but especially to the old masters and

the classics. For they revealed a dead past where different thoughts and impulses reigned and thus in turn deflected the will of the nation.

Of course it would also be necessary to destroy all other fossil remains such as monuments, cemetaries, mausoleae, and other symbols, and especially every form of instruction in history with the exception of the war of 1870 and of 1914. In this respect it would be good to follow the example of the American people who did not care to know anything whatsoever about the past and learned nothing from it. The thing to do was to concentrate all the energies of the nation in their purest form and apply them to the object in hand.

Fairfax showed the utter folly of maintaining any institutions that dealt with the past and demanded that they be closed. He also proved the dangerousness of alcohol, which lured people away from the real issue and intoxicated them with dreams. Brothels and every other form of prostitution must also go. For they distracted from the thirst for revenge, besides weakening the none too great virility of the nation. As for the application of birth control to any French mother, that surely merited the death penalty. The existence of the nation must not be jeopardized on any gamble. Play your aces or nothing!

This was Fairfax's idea of decision!

For the present he did not pay any attention to the allusions to his pocket-book from French bankers. He announced that he would not spend even a centime unless he was assured of the unequivocal co-operation of the French government and could see the entire resources of France concentrated upon the desired goal. He did not deny that many necessary things were already being done; the feudal aristocracy, the priesthood, the Jews, and the

bourgeois middle classes were certainly bending enthusiastically to the task, while the quartering of negroes in the greater part of the occupied German territory was also a fine piece of work along the desired lines, to judge from the indignation of German newspapers. But what confusion reigned among the working classes and in the attitude of the Government towards them! Did the French still believe that it was possible to do business without labor?

Every man of to-day rightly insisted upon having his daily chicken in the pot, and a ticket for the movies in his pocket for the evening. For what other purpose had humanity "progressed" during the last thousand years? The thing to do was to figure out the cost of this entirely justified demand of thirty-six million Frenchmen, add the result to the budget and charge it to general maintenance. Thus relieved of worry about their daily wellbeing, people could be made to work for the common goal with an entirely new impetus.

Could it be that Europeans were still ignorant of the amount of work it was possible to get out of the proletariat, who were blind to everything except the simplest bodily comforts? They ought to take a look at the American workingman trained according to the Taylor efficiency system which cuts him off so completely from every emotional and intellectual influence that he literally sees nothing except the part of the machine at which he is working. But the European laborer had an entirely false attitude towards life and any number of things to distract him from his work. Wasn't he allowed to associate with his comrades, with ample opportunity to indulge in conversation with them or air his thoughts at meetings? It was easy for him to obtain a comprehensive view of the whole machine and survey the entire process of manufacture. He could look out through transparent

windows and see the sky and the various beauties of nature. Every look and thought away from work represented an appreciable loss of energy. There were proper methods available to do away with all this!

It was one thing for a people like the inhabitants of Greenland, who had never pretended to have any obligations towards humanity, to exist in such a haphazard fashion. But France, the most Christian and most civilized of all nations, was by common consent the guardian of Europe's most precious heritage, and as such it was little short of blasphemous on her part to neglect these sacred obligations. What would become of Europe if she allowed the Latin spirit to decay?

As for himself, and as one who represented the rest of America, his only interest in Europe was to profit from this imperative desire of France to fight with her ancient enemy, the Germans.

If this impulse should fail or cease to be the determining motive in French affairs, the account of the "Old World" would simply have to be written off the books. Then, with this bad business connection out of the way, the thing to do would be to see whether there was any profit to be made out of Bolchevism.

The main thing was not to lie about the issue. As for the rest people wanted their chicken in the pot and a movie ticket in their pockets. Then they would be willing to do anything. That was all there was to it.

Fairfax's hint of forthcoming credits was enough to make the minister stammer with excitement and pledge himself and his entire cabinet to do everything under the sun. It was arranged to keep Fairfax in constant touch with the progress of events. A direct wire was put into his hotel room so that he could communicate with all the government offices and with the Elysée Palace.



VI

DAISY regarded her father's sympathy for France with jealous eyes. He sat cooped up in his conferences while a spell of heavenly Spring weather filled Paris with soft silvery sunlight and fairly called one out-of-doors. Daisy appeared everywhere in a bewildering array of low-neck gowns and chic hats, which she replaced every day with new purchases from Paquin, and Redfern, as well as from Marthe Collot and Madelaine Vionnet. She was out to show the gaping Parisians what a real American girl was like.

She talked little with the inhabitants but inhaled the atmosphere of Paris through her five senses, while she fairly conquered this ravishing city with her pertness and daring. If anybody fascinated her she despoiled them with a look, her grey eyes stripped the cocotte and the woman of the world with the deftness of a capricious subaltern or a broken down roué. She sucked at Paris like a marrow bone full of spices and perfumes without ever spoiling her stomach. Yet she soon had to confess that she never got her fill. She was like a person who lives on nothing but shell fish and whipped cream and never eats any nourishing food.

This made her flabby, until she grew irritable and fault-finding. She lost her naiveté about the French and looked upon them like a disappointed customer. She was convinced that their bones were soft; they were indistinguish-

able from the creatures on the screen who always moved on a flat surface, despite their three dimensional pretensions. Even the French hatred for the Germans had nothing inevitable about it, as her father seemed to think. It was something handed down to them rather than a vital necessity of their present existence.

Whenever she arrived at a situation with a Frenchman where something startling should have happened, she found that he was comparing her to something else. He seemed to want to shape her into some previous mould so that he would not have to exert himself to understand the new situation. That was precisely what she did not want. She was eager to be unique, to present an absolute novelty to every man, and to rush with him into an unknown world of new experiences.

The French seemed to be so attached to the past that they could think of nothing else. They apparently abhorred novelty and were quite content to follow some pretty and time-honored model to see how well they could imitate it. Everything in their lives was a copy. Daisy felt that it was beneath a Fairfax to aspire to meet such easy requirements; let them try it with somebody else. She began to feel perpetually insulted and took malicious pleasure in anticipating every word and move in a Frenchman, just as she always knew in advance what was about to happen in a French film.

What a dead race, she thought, to live always according to precept instead of taking a chance. Even when they went to a theatre or a motion picture it was only to make sure that the kiss, and what went with it, was presented according to schedule.

These stereotyped performances both in real life and on the screen, were really unbearable. Always she was watching octogenarians from private life or galvanized

military gentlemen going through an endless routine of unveiling monuments, burying heroes, reciting rancid toasts, or making shopworn declarations of love. Always there was the mutual pinning on of medals, and the inevitable smack upon either cheek. Daisy's only relief, when she returned home in the evening, was to have her Indians shout their war cries for her by the hour. That gave her a taste of something elemental again, with which she could identify herself.

It was a Spring Sunday at the race track at Longchamps! Official Paris and an assembly of European notables were basking on the grandstand, which looked like a gaily colored flower basket somewhat wilted and smelling none too sweetly. *Peau d'Espagne* and *Ambre de Nubie* predominated. Fairfax occupied a conspicuous place of honor in the big government box among the ministers. He told Daisy that the assembled public represented a new form of natural selection; a "kleptocracy," and went on to explain that these people had put the entire fifteen billion francs of the war loans of all nations into their pockets. Not a bad sum, for which, of course, the workers of the world would have to earn an annual interest of ninety billion a year.

As usual everything was again running off according to schedule, just like in a film. It was quite unnecessary to look on. Once more, as a preliminary to the first race, three heroes had been honored and photographed with resounding kisses and many salutes. And now everybody stood petrified in expectation of a miraculous event; the arrival of the Queen of England at the race course, and her brilliant reception by the official ruler of France.

Daisy whispered into her father's ear that she could not understand his curiosity. This sort of thing had already been done so often and was really a great bore, how

could he be fascinated by it? Fairfax answered that he found it far from fascinating. He was only observing events and drawing his conclusions. Daisy hissed back at him that it was high time to get away from this undertaker's shop and go to Germany, or better perhaps to return to New York right away. She was sick and tired of the Orient. Fairfax ended the conversation by saying that he had not yet made up his mind.

Suddenly cries of "Vive la France" burst forth as from a thousand gramaphones, the tricolor and the lace handkerchiefs waved, while breasts and bosoms heaved. Orchestras preluded, motors purred, aeroplanes rattled and every unit of humanity merged into the expected panorama.

The clouds receded and allowed the sun to sparkle upon the gala equipage of the British sovereign drawn by six mottled horses with advance riders à la Daumont. The queen wore a white dress trimmed with heliotrope. The sun, the wind and the country-side stood at attention.

It was a solemn moment, with all except the recalcitrant Daisy galvanized into an attitude of respect. Flags were dipping, sabres were being presented in salute, the President in his high hat and the red ribbon of the legion of honor across his breast was advancing to the coach of the Queen and her ladies in waiting. The Marseillaise was ringing out on all sides and heaven itself was holding its breath. Suddenly, at this moment of moments, one of the entries in the race, a splendid mare, spread her hind legs, despite the efforts of her jockey, and incontinently relieved herself in a never ending stream that struck the ground with a resounding splash.

Everybody stood and stared, paralyzed with fear. Nothing less than the destruction of France seemed imminent as the carefully pressed trousers of her President were being

bespattered by the flood. His retinue busied themselves with mopping up the damage as best they could with their handkerchiefs.

But now a burst of uncontrollable laughter suddenly broke the spell. This impious ribaldry was obviously coming from the throat of some girl. In vain the people about her tried to stop it. It rose and mounted, trilling like a coloratura's high note, ringing out again and again until at last the girl sank from her chair and her head vanished suddenly from the railing of the box.

It was the government loge! The indignation was general and pronounced!

But meanwhile the mare had finished, the festivities were resumed, the speech "God save the Queen" was delivered, and the honor of France was saved once more.



VII

ARRIVED at home, Fairfax raged like a prairie buffalo. This was the limit. An insult! A scandal! No end of a scandal. He shook his fist so close to Daisy's face that her mocking smile left her face for a moment.

But when he stopped to get his breath she asked calmly, "Why all the noise? You are beside yourself because you see that I was absolutely right, and because you are ashamed at not having laughed too. That was sheer hypocrisy and not at all becoming to you."

Fairfax groaned. "How about my big schemes with France?"

Daisy answered: "It looks much more as if France were scheming to do something with you. What was the idea, anyway; were you going to lend them money or were they going to lend you some?"

Fairfax exclaimed: "Think of the insane rate of interest. The business of a lifetime with the European markets is within my grasp!"

"I simply don't believe it," answered Daisy, "I have never yet got to the rock bottom of anything that I wanted here, and what I was after was a trifle compared to your ambitions. These people are merely thrifty in all their impulses and even their hate, on which you are counting so much, does not come from their inner nature and is merely a pretense. The moment we Americans no longer stand behind them they will close shop soon enough and

go to sleep for good. Then you can whistle for your loan and I shall have a thing or two to say to you about all my money that you will have spent."

"How about their fanaticism?"

"A mere ornament," answered Daisy.

At this moment there came an urgent telephone call from the police. An Indian had been arrested during the night hanging from the chandelier in a resort in Montmartre. He claimed to be employed by Mr. Fairfax.

"What was the trouble? What was he charged with?"

"A bad business. He was charged with assault upon a French female citizen of advanced age. The public and the newspapers were very much excited about it."

Fairfax yelled into the receiver that French public opinion seemed to be forever on the wrong track. The Indian had been misunderstood. He had merely wanted to give this tender expression of his metaphysical love for his great French ally and brother in arms. That was self-evident. They should quickly enlighten public opinion, send the Indian home and cease making him so nervous. Bang! went the receiver.

"You see," said Daisy, "they are not in the picture. They ruminate their old ideas, they stand marking time and are about as eager as a corpse."

She looked at her father intuitively as she continued: "Papa, you want to throw yourself away. That's my idea too. And we are in a position to do it. But these are thrifty little souls who don't even use themselves up. You can't get anything out of them."

"Is there no way of making anything out of them at all?" asked Fairfax.

"Absolutely not."

"That's what you think. But my scheme is going to work!" Fairfax exclaimed angrily. "We can both throw

ourselves away. It's our privilege. But we must reckon with the forces at our disposal. Nothing is so dead sure in the whole world as this inherited hate between these two people, though I don't pretend to understand it. But we have no choice and therefore no business to criticise. So don't go and spoil the whole thing for me."

Fairfax grew purple with rage. He was thirsting for action.

"Even if the French no longer have any strength of their own to take the initiative, they have proved conclusively how well they can maintain themselves on the defensive and set the whole world in motion on their behalf. That is sufficient!"

Daisy shrugged her shoulders and left him. She realized that her father still had a fixed idea on the subject.

But he soon betrayed the fact that even he was not so utterly convinced of the passive strength of France. The evidence was fast coming in that a large and sensible part of this victorious people no longer believed in their victory at all. This was something which Fairfax neither could nor wanted to suppress.

Yet at the same time he bent all his energies to feeding the existing flames, on his own assumption that no other choice was left open to him. He purposely ignored Daisy's frequent suggestions to leave civilized Europe and turn his serious attention to bolchevism.

He had found one of the slickest Jews that ever came out of Ukrainia, a man subject to indescribable outbursts of temperament, who succeeded in winning him over to French chauvinism in its crudest form. This fellow, Plexin by name, had brought along a simple-minded professor who was willing to pledge himself to write a small book of thirty pages every day, against Germany, in his little home town of Perigord. Fifteen octavo volumes were al-

ready completed so that he would have a headstart of fourteen days in case printing on a large scale were begun right away. In a short time every Frenchman would have his daily little song of hate on his breakfast table.

The first titles which he submitted were brilliant: "Bericlingen and Hohenzollern," "Wagner and Wotanism," "Bochism," "Submarines and Expressionism," "Kossal!" etc.

Plexin shrieked with pleasure and cried in English to Fairfax that it was the greatest thing out. Instead of devouring truffles in Perigord from morning till night his pig of a professor was grinding away until he foamed at the mouth. He was baking books the way a baker bakes loaves! The material was shoved in from behind while finished books fell out in front like rolls. Ten thousand printed pages of hate delivered by one man in a year! If such enthusiasm didn't prove the goodness of the cause Plexin was willing to write himself down an ignoramus.

When the professor had delivered over a hundred books according to contract Plexin informed Fairfax that he wasn't the only fellow of his kind in the world. He had a similar genius ready for use later on in Germany, none other than the famous bard who, in 1914, had composed the famous ballad about the Masurian lakes. The Kaiser wanted to have the lakes filled in but they had finally been left undisturbed on the plea of Hindenburg. The last verse ran as follows:

My swamp is saved, Hurray! Hurray!
The Russians sleep in mud and slime,
A hundred thousand strong.
'Twill serve me well some other day
While like a toad, I bide my time
To croak my bloody song!

Plexin hoped that this gifted poet was still alive. If not, others could surely be found.

He also held in readiness some sensational propaganda about the devastated regions of France, such as a de luxe album with a thousand views of the bombarded cathedral at Rheims. For this he hoped to find an even greater market than for the famous Rheims champagne. Another one of his schemes was to placard every station, train and trolley car with hair-raising illustrations of devastated French towns and villages.

But the thing that finally decided Fairfax was the attitude of the French Government, which was brought out clearly in a series of conferences held at Geneva, Brussels and elsewhere. For the Government, supported by his advice, now embarked upon a stubborn and energetic policy of applying the brakes to the genuine desire for peace which was making such dangerous headway in every country. Fairfax believed that France was the only power able to forestall this paralyzing and deadly mood of peace in Europe of which he had received his first inkling in America, and which had driven him to come over here.

He agreed with Plexin's suggestion that the time had arrived for him to get this impression of Germany. He would have to become acquainted with his opponents in order that his plans should meet with success.

But the thing was not to be too hasty! In order to be fresh for these important new impressions it would be good to breathe a little neutral air in Switzerland and perhaps stick his nose into Austria for a moment.

Fairfax left Plexin behind, armed with full powers of attorney, and arrived the following day with his retinue in Bern, at the Hotel Bellevue.



VIII

HERE he had a real sensation. Within forty-eight hours, during which they had done little more than promenade through the main street with its fine shade trees and its mediaeval fountain, Fairfax and Daisy realized that the Swiss were different from any civilized people they had ever seen. Here every assumption, no matter how unerringly it had worked elsewhere, was entirely out of place.

For it was evident that no citizen of Switzerland was anxious to exert any influence over his fellow men or to make an impression by exploiting his idiosyncracies. This led to an enormous saving of garish display, shrill noises, extravagant gestures, and other needless exertions. A democracy without any human or class prejudices! Not a trace of the petty vanity of small cliques! The entire people thought in unison and in three languages at that. Instead of witnessing a thousand daily sublime stupidities on the part of individuals you had the impression of general good sense. The effect was almost phantastic!

Fairfax and his daughter felt certain that here they counted as mere simpletons, as eccentric and shallow persons. They realized that they were comic when they saw that their wealth entitled them to no precedence, not only because there was no opportunity to display it but because there was nothing to be bought with it. Not even the most trivial souvenir of William Tell was to be purchased.

Daisy found that her simplest Parisian frock made her conspicuous and quickly bought herself a raincoat and a pair of rubbers. The Indians were confined to the house and were not allowed to show themselves on the street.

Fairfax realized that this fundamental difference from the rest of the world put Switzerland out of the realm of practical considerations. She was like an isolated island on which alone such things were possible. She certainly did not have the slightest European significance. In fact it would soon be very hard for her to defend and maintain her peculiar freedom.

As far as he and his plans were concerned, Switzerland was not only uninteresting but positively boring. He decided to depart.

His next stop was Salzburg, where a great surprise awaited him.

He had of course read the newspapers, in which the misery of Austria had been discussed by the column. In fact he vividly recalled the screaming headlines in big lettering which had announced the distress and deprivation in flaming words. But in spite of all this the reality paralyzed him!

For the first time in his life he began to doubt the real influence of the press, which hitherto had been part of his faith in the order of things. For here he could compare the gulf that separates the actual reality from the newspaper reports of it. He wired impulsively to the directors of his propaganda, including Plexin, to reduce the amount spent for newspaper publicity by sixty percent. He also sent a special wire definitely declining eighty-one French newspapers and weeklies which had been offered for sale to him.

On his first afternoon in Salzburg he drove with Daisy through the muddy streets to the nearby cathedral in front

of which a famous director was about to give a mediaeval passion play. Wherever he looked on the streets he saw people dying in their tracks.

And the astonishing thing about it was that they did not simply sink down into the mud with a last gasp and die where they fell. Always their eyes still gleamed with the proud light of despair before they tottered to their end around the nearest corner. The most phantastic rags covered their nakedness and what they wore for shoes was a grotesque mockery. Daisy and Fairfax did not have a word to say. Their faces had turned a greyish hue; it seemed to them as if they had gotten into hell.

Daisy gave her father a beseeching look to turn back, but he pointed to the square before the cathedral where a play of rare imagination seemed about to take place. They approached and took their places on the grandstand.

The stage had been set in front of the open door of the church. As the first actor appeared upon the scene all the church bells of this arch Catholic city rang out at the command of the bishop. Fairfax saw at a glance that about seventy-five percent of the audience were Jews while the rest consisted of international snobs. They were all showing off their luxurious clothes and their well nourished bodies in the hot sun.

The square itself was full of people clothed in rags. Ropes had been stretched across the square to which they clung so as not to fall down from exhaustion.

Daisy tugged at her father's coat, but he was fascinated by the spectacle. He had never seen such contrasts; the scene fairly took him off his feet. These festivals at Salzburg were meat for strong nerves. These people showed an endurance compared to which Fairfax's, in spite of all his Indian milk, was pitifully small. And yet his endurance was far ahead of most Americans. He had often thought

that he was made of steel and yet here he had to confess that he still had much to learn.

When the impression had worn off a little he suddenly noticed that Daisy was no longer at his side. He tore himself away from what promised to be a fascinating performance and went to look for his daughter behind the grandstand.

He arrived just in time to prevent a scandal which under the circumstances might easily have led to complications. A shouting, angry mob surrounded Daisy. He had to force his way through and found her standing next to an empty cab. The horse, a terrible nag, was dead and was lying on the ground like an empty sack.

She had made use of a moment when the cabby wasn't looking to use her needle on the nag and had injected such a large dose of morphine into the creature's flank that it immediately fell down in a heap and quickly breathed its last.

An interpreter kept reassuring the mob that the young lady had not been able to endure the sight of the hungry animal begging for mercy. She had not seen such misery as this horse was suffering in all devastated Europe. It had wrung her heart and impelled her to act on the spot.

Fairfax was speechless, and held out a hundred dollar bill. It was impossible to tell whether the sight of the money made the owner of the horse insane or whether he was already out of his mind. At any rate he cried over and over again between his sobs that it was not money he wanted, not the treasures of Arabia. He had loved his horse, his little pet, his brown Dobbin, the only creature on earth that was still near and dear to him. His horse had just as much right as everybody else to live out his unheard of Austrian misery to his natural end. The cabby gesticulated wildly, while the mob muttered and pushed threateningly.

Suddenly Daisy became hysterical too. She fell down on her knees before the old man and begged with tears for his Christian forgiveness.

This gesture instantly pacified the excited throng. The cabby raised the sobbing girl to her feet and tenderly kissed both her and the dead horse upon the mouth.

The crowd dispersed solemnly, as if in the throes of a deep emotion. Daisy walked away on her father's arm, still weeping. Fairfax was dumfounded and was at a loss to make anything out of the whole occurrence.

On that same evening he packed up and fled precipitately to Munich.



IX

FROM the very beginning Fairfax encountered nothing but vexations and misunderstanding in Bavaria. Everything went wrong. Not even the necessary provisions had been made at the hotel; he arrived so unexpectedly that the management had only the faintest glimmering of who he was. And when he awoke the next morning from a bad dream concerning Daisy's experience in Salzburg, there was such pandemonium in the hotel corridors that it seemed as if the end of the world had come.

A number of officials charged with the control of foreign travellers had arrived at the hotel before daybreak and had attempted to arrest Fairfax's Indians for having entered Bavaria without official permission. The brusque intrusion of the uniformed officials had alarmed the Indians, who instantly went on the war path. For a while tomahawks and other convenient missiles were hurled after the fleeing police officers, while scantily clothed hotel guests, almost fainting with fright, poured out of adjoining rooms and added to the general confusion.

Things had just come to a desperate pass. The Indians were drunk with victory and in a state of great excitement from the extraordinary occurrences of the night. They had been approached by a number of ladies in and about the hotel and were about to follow them into their rooms. But the ladies had become embarrassed by the publicity attendant upon their wooing

and were warning the Indians off with loud screams.

At this moment Fairfax appeared upon the scene. He flew into a rage at the Indians who hastily retired somewhat crestfallen. Fairfax had to do some pretty tall explaining in the course of the morning. The police were up in arms and only a long, urgent session at the telephone on the part of the American Ambassador in Berlin, a nephew of Fairfax, who threatened to make a diplomatic incident of the affair, saved the Indians from dire consequences. He telephoned Fairfax's excuses to the ruffled President of the Bavarian Republic, the president telephoned to Berlin, Berlin telephoned to the Prussian Ambassador in Bavaria, this dignitary telephoned to the American Consul in Munich, the American consul telephoned to the Bavarian minister of justice, the minister of justice telephoned to Fairfax, Fairfax telephoned back to the police, who telephoned back their thanks to the President of Bavaria. By noon everybody concerned, including the telephone girls at all the exchanges, were completely exhausted and let the matter rest.

The Munich papers, however, got out evening editions with fiery articles with such headlines as, "The Red Shame," and "What More Must We Endure?", which described the sensational occurrence in such glaring colors that all the inhabitants of Munich swore vengeance that evening over their beer mugs. The older waitresses cursed and said, "This is the limit," while the girls who brought the water giggled and had their own ideas on the subject.

But on the next morning the editors, having been tipped off, repudiated the whole story and insisted that all the excitement had been about a troupe of Indians which Gabriel Niederhuber had engaged for the October fair, and which would entertain the esteemed public with a series of new and original stunts.

Nevertheless the Indians were forced to proceed ahead to Berlin, and Fairfax had to make a personal appeal to the President of Bavaria for permission to retain at least one indispensable Indian mammy for the remainder of his stay in Munich. Daisy, on her part, was easily reconciled to a short parting from Mumfo, which Fairfax interpreted as an important omen.

Under the circumstances he gathered only a few of the most fundamental facts about Bavaria and her population in so far as they concerned the object of his trip. Bavaria, according to Fairfax, might be called the enfant terrible of Germany; and the stocky Bavarians with handy knives in their hip pockets were to be reckoned with when it came to local excesses. But on the whole he felt that the Bavarian played no appreciable part in the great political and economic issues of the world. Without a supply of raw materials Bavaria could neither engage in manufacture or in international commerce, so that, as far as Germany's future destiny was concerned, the country was really less important than the most insignificant industrial center. Its proper concern was beer, literature, and flirtation.

Thus reassured, Fairfax set about to enjoy a few of the specialties of this beautiful city, notably an art students' ball at which Daisy blushed repeatedly, and a Sunday parade of beribboned students and members of the home defence league who marched to the field marshal's hall for a national celebration. He also went to see that withered and enigmatic hybrid standing at the intersection of the two main thoroughfares whose origin, costume, sex and occupation are a mystery to every stranger, though those who are in the know insist that it is a female trolley switch operator.

In Munich he already began to notice a characteristic

of the inhabitants which proved that the Bavarians were real Germans, and thus early in the game gave Fairfax a sure touchstone for distinguishing the German population from the French. These Germans one and all had an insatiable appetite and an unlimited capacity for consuming goods of every description.

But this characteristic, which the French entirely lacked, if one were to believe Daisy, was the indispensable foundation of all of Fairfax's schemes, the very thing for which the rest of the world envied the Germans even more than for their industry and initiative.

In order to remain in contact with Bavaria a little longer Fairfax travelled to Berlin quite unostentatiously in a first class compartment on the express train. A Bavarian and his wife were sitting in the same compartment. As soon as the train was under way they pulled out a little basket crammed full with delectable things to eat.

Daisy and her father were very much interested to see how much food their travelling companions could put away and kept count of what they consumed. Two boxes of sardines in oil put up by Philippe & Canaud, a well roasted goose of which they left only the skeleton, a blood and a liver sausage, three bars of chocolate and two packages of raisins, all disappeared, washed down with two bottles of red wine and a stiff drink of Benedictine.

They had hardly finished when the waiter from the dining car announced the first call for dinner. The Bavarian and his wife started for the dining car as if they had long been expecting the call.

Daisy exclaimed triumphantly to her father: "Walk through the train and see everybody feasting, just to convince yourself that this is no exception. All these people live royally and have an unlimited capacity. As a producer who is constantly on the lookout to stimulate con-

sumption, that ought to suit you down to the ground. I don't care what you have made up your mind to do or what you are after, if you don't take this German mania for consumption into account, you are entirely on the wrong track."

A moment later she added: "Your sympathies may be all for the French and you may be quite right in your faith in their primitive hatred with which they ultimately hope to destroy the Germans. But as a producer who is absolutely dependent upon finding a market for his wares you will have to consider very carefully on whose side you will finally range yourself."

"You have a weakness for the Germans," said Fairfax.

"This Europe of yours, including the Germans, makes me vomit," continued Daisy, "and you know that I hardly found America fit for a Fairfax. Since my first year I have been bored to death both over there and here, and the real me has never been touched. Still I am fair enough to acknowledge that as long as the world is so abominably circumscribed, the Germans intrigue me as an expression of excess. And that is exactly what makes the rest of the world so angry."

"But this excess," interposed Fairfax, "has no sharp edges, as you have correctly stated. In itself it is not hostile to anybody unless it is hostile to all at the same time."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Daisy.

"This spirit of excess does not run in any particular direction. It has no fixed goal so that it is impossible to control it or even to keep an eye on it. You can neither hitch up with it nor count on it, as you can with this driving impulse of the French. That's perfectly clear! It is all the same to these Germans with whose help or against whose opposition they satisfy their enormous appetite

and their spendthriftiness. That is why this impulse of theirs remains an incalculable factor in world economics and becomes unprofitable because of the loss of interest."

"I don't understand that. At least the impulse arouses sympathy," Daisy replied.

"Sympathy?" cried Fairfax. "Since when have you become sentimental?"

"Not so long ago, perhaps," said Daisy.

The demonstration on their arrival at the station in Berlin was far ahead of what they had experienced in Paris. This was due to Plexin, who was on the spot, shouting, cursing, and giving orders in a dozen languages. The entire station was jammed full of officials and of the general public because the rumor had gone abroad that Fairfax was coming to help Germany in her hour of desperation.

The horses were unhitched from the carriage of the great American and he was drawn in triumph to his hotel. Here he and his daughter were carried on strong shoulders into their suite, from which they were compelled to receive the rousing acclaims of the crowd gathered in front of the hotel.

Down on the street an orator was expatiating upon the close historical ties that bound the two nations together and the possibilities of their continued alliance. Looking down from his window Fairfax saw that the sausage, ice-cream, pretzel and lemonade dealers as well as the peddlars selling balloons, flags and medals, were doing a rushing business. The regular concessionnaires in the middle of the public square were also thriving.

The next morning Daisy brought her father a copy of Sternheim's most recent book entitled "Berlin," which everybody had enthusiastically recommended to her for its vivid picture of conditions in the big city and of the

course of recent events. He would find it a handy manual of information about Berlin and Germany. In particular it would confirm their own impression that the appetite of the Germans was their most striking characteristic. But the author of the book, she added, was too close to his subject, and had made the mistake of railing against this characteristic. The thing to do was to make it bear results, not only in Germany but in the whole of Europe. Such at least was her opinion!

The only possible plan of campaign was to use the example of Germany to create new wants among other nations and stimulate the demand for goods; the more the better, especially if they were unnecessary and expensive. The trouble with all the other occidental nations was that they were entirely satiated; except of course Russia, as she had already told him.

Fairfax had the book read to him and found most of it to be correct. He expressed the wish that the author would some day put himself above his emotional prejudices and try his hand with America. He would be glad to pay his travelling expenses. As a matter of fact the reading of the book made it possible for Fairfax to understand at once everything that happened in Berlin. He saw clearly that all the political groups from the Junkers to the parties of the extreme Left were willing to drop their party alignments for the sake of the common ideal of doing nothing that might endanger the fast reviving business of "Germany & Co.," upon whose success the gratification of the German appetite depended.

Compared to this point of view, which dazzled the whole world, the German aversion to France remained a secondary consideration. In fact the aversion was little more than a stage effect barely kept alive by powerful groups supported by French money. This was a vexa-

tious discovery for Fairfax even if Daisy's assertion about the short-windedness of French chauvinism should turn out to be wrong, and threw him into a state of confusion. For he was far too straightforward a nature to believe that it would be possible, with Germany so double-faced, to carry out his plans in any round-about fashion by playing upon Germany's lukewarm hatred for France.

Here was a case where Fairfax felt that his hand was no longer on the throttle. In every country that he had visited thus far the faith of both the individuals and of the nation as a whole had been sincere and straightforward. But in Germany there existed a certain relativity which seemed dangerous because nobody was merely what he professed to be but always something else besides.

Fairfax thought it over—what the devil did he think? At any rate he decided—everything! Had he been in America this everything would have meant—nothing! For an American, even though he may want the whole world and a constantly changing world at that, never considers anything important for any length of time and goes on playing like an actor who is forever changing his part. Fairfax, however, knew that he was dealing with Germans. He therefore made his decision with an eye to the fact that the Germans worship the ideal of an already rigid perfection in a world of constant change: whatever else happens, they must always prosper!

In this respect the German was just like the Jew, who has always been a strenuously progressive gentleman on the condition that the Israelites remain God's chosen people. The more he thought the matter over and the more Plexin sought to convince him that the mere instinct of self-preservation was a compelling motive for Germany's hate for the Entente and France, the more stubbornly he hesitated to come to a decision, especially because he knew

that in this case Plexin, being a Jew, could not be impartial.

Nor did he consider Daisy capable of an unbiased opinion in regard to this question. He felt that she did not distinguish between her naive American impulse to dissipate her energy in every conceivable form of experience, and this hectic quality in the Germans which at the same time showed a faith in something higher than human progress, namely "German luck."

Thus for the first time here in Berlin Fairfax missed that peculiar exaltation which usually made the atmosphere around him so dynamic and flung the whole world at his feet. He was hoping for a speedy illumination from without. Only the devil knew whence this illumination was to come!



X

IN the meanwhile the luxurious pleasures of the city revealed nothing new to him. The theatre and the motion pictures were all equally trite, and nudity was offered everywhere on the stage in such gross form that it failed to have any effect. Just to distinguish herself from the rest Daisy wore her dresses high in the evening. The ladies, to be had at all prices, forced their way unabashed as far as Fairfax's dressing room and had to be shooed out like flies.

Fairfax had intended to send the Sioux Indians home on account of their loose ways of living in which they persisted despite all supervision. They also failed to breed and multiply, and besides, he had become a little tired of them. He had gained about twenty pounds and was in the pink of condition for any encounter. But they had proceeded, without any opposition on the part of Daisy, to accept the engagement for the October fair at Munich to which the papers had jokingly referred at the time. They sent word that they were having the time of their lives and were thoroughly enjoying their beer and sausages.

As Fairfax was standing at the entrance of his hotel one evening, watching the good people of Berlin streaming by, he noticed a sixteen year old girl attired in a shirt-waist and skirt. She had passed up and down before him for a number of days, sniffing the air through her nos-

trils, and her figure was tall and willowy. Finally he caught her eye. He had become curious to know what she was like. A wave of his hand brought her to his side.

She told him she was a flapper, a specimen of the half mature girl of Berlin; her parents were employed as superintendents in an apartment on one of the fashionable streets. She went on to explain that the one thing she detested was poverty. It did not matter what happened to her as long as she would never again have to have anything to do with poor people. She intended to walk up and down on this street until she found somebody who had the right rate of exchange, somebody from one of the Entente countries or, better still, a Neutral. Fairfax could have her if he wanted to. He seemed a decent sort of fellow. But first she must have a guarantee! For the rest she was willing to do whatever he wanted, even to going to college, if he wanted her to have more than a high school education!

He took her out to dinner. She over-ate to such an extent that the evening ended rather painfully. But she turned out to be agreeable and well mannered and his evenings with her in the apartment which he had furnished for her began to be very pleasant. Daisy, who had begged to be asked to tea, was also very enthusiastic after her visit because Alice had remarked to her about Fairfax: "Your old man is a riot. He certainly is a large order when it comes to originality."

On the other hand it had not escaped Fairfax that Daisy not only did not avoid the glances of a tall blond man living in the same hotel but returned them ardently. This clean shaven, slim young man who was so expert with his monocle was Count Schleyn-Weyn-Reizenstein, heir apparent, a scion of the purest blood, and related to German and foreign court circles. He was a Catholic from

Westphalia, the last survivor of a stolid feudalism. He seemed a little unreal in the social democracy of Berlin, as if he had fallen down from the moon in the midst of these cleptocrats who ate their fish and their potatoes with their knives. But he looked as if there might still be some nobility about him, for all that. The malicious called him a prehistoric survival because he did not cultivate women, and claimed that he was descended from Baron Thunder-ten-Thronckh whom Voltaire had made immortal as Candide.

As attaché in the Foreign Office he was certainly dazzling, and like all his superiors, he displayed a feverish curiosity about Fairfax and his plans. The thought of flirting with Daisy had therefore already come to him in his official capacity, before she had impressed him on her own account. Fairfax on his part hoped that he would finally enlighten him about the German enigma and give him the right start before he made his presence in Berlin officially known.

Their acquaintance brought mutual liking. As a diplomat Bodo Schleyn was discreet and as a man of the world he was frank, with the result that Fairfax found out everything he was after. He learned that German business was really resuming and was set more than ever on large scale production and the finding of larger markets. The only thing that was holding the Germans up and causing confusion was the disquieting attitude of the French. If these annoying tactics continued they would be compelled to establish connections to the East, with the Russians, however risky that might prove.

Daisy beamed. She called the French the fakirs of Europe who were holding up the naive Germans and obstructing the world's demand for goods. But people would soon cease to live according to the dictates of these compul-

sive ideas of the French. To harbor a prejudice was to be a fossil, she declared.

The Count did not understand what she meant but he was glad to have made an impression. Fairfax, however, for the first time consulted with Plexin about the advisability of putting the brakes on France and ending all warlike preparations in order to see what could be done with the world's peace consumption according to the German model. Real peace might duplicate the conditions during the war and reveal an astonishing demand for goods. But only if all the barriers were let down!

Plexin could not see it at first but after a week in Berlin he was ready to discuss the matter. The question, as he saw it, was whether Europe and gradually the rest of the world could be made to follow the example of a large part of the German public, which plundered and emptied the warehouses by day, and in the evening taxed the motion pictures, the theatres, the cafés, bars and cabarets to capacity. The thing would certainly be a go if people could be rigorously trained along these lines so that everybody would indulge his physical and emotional demands to the limit.

Fairfax felt that the possibility of doing this ought to be accurately determined through careful experiments on people of various nationalities. Plexin undertook to be the experimentor and observe the effects upon a Pole, a Serbian, an Italian and a Ukrainian.

The first three could stand a great increase of table luxuries of every description except German champagne and were equally proficient in spending articles of daily use, such as matches, paper, tobacco, and toilet accessories, but soon proved to be totally inadequate when it came to food for the spirit. A few books such as "The Desire for Infinity," "History as an Interpretation of Nonsense,"

"Eros and the Four Testaments," a dozen of which any German can read and digest comfortably in a day, besides a pile of newspapers and pamphlets, soon left these three worthies more dead than alive.

The Ukrainian alone distinguished himself by a certain ability to assimilate spiritual fodder. In fact he seemed very promising. But when Plexin finally set him the task of reading and digesting the entire works of the Indian poets, Tagore and Yo-Him-Bim, two favorites with the German public, within twenty-four hours, the effect was catastrophic. The Ukrainian died on him!

But before this result had been obtained the affair of Count Schleyn with Daisy seemed to have advanced so far that everybody realized that a decision was in order.

The sudden death of his father, the reigning head of Schleyn-Weyn-Reizenstein, plunged the Count into such terrible grief that it was plain to see that only the consolation of a woman's love could make good the loss of the departed. It could be observed, however, that it was hard for him to give up his hitherto free and harmonious way of life. But he seemed to realize more clearly from day to day that it was the only way out, and his resolve to marry was evidently combined with other, more important decisions.

A buzz of excitement and expectation such as usually sets in where an engagement is brewing now gathered about the Count, and he became the center of much bustle and running back and forth. Gentlemen in cutaways and high hats came to see him and indulged in whispers; but their concern soon changed into an expression of relief, and they gaily thumped the Count on the shoulder before departing.

Daisy was in such splendid humor that Fairfax saw that

she was looking forward to the proposal with pleasure. She gave one of her strings of pearls to Alice, thereby making the girl a capitalist for the rest of her life. She hummed, sang, and fairly hopped about.

Finally one morning Bodo, now raised to the rank of a duke, was announced, and appeared in the resplendent uniform of the former Pasewalk Cuirassiers, the Queen's regiment. He wore a white collar with crimson trimmings, a silvered metal helmet reaching low down on the back of his neck, patent leather boots coming up to the hip, and a great sword that reached up to his breastbone. He looked the image of Lohengrin!

He made a formal request for Daisy's hand. But before Fairfax could reply he added that he had come first of all as a German and a Prussian, quite aside from his infatuation. What he was asking for himself was inextricably bound up with the larger destiny of his so dearly beloved country whose extreme misery was ever uppermost in his mind. The question got down to this: Was Fairfax willing to give a dowry large enough to pay off Germany's entire war debt to the Entente and at the same time allow him to live with Daisy in a manner befitting their station in life?

For the first time in his life Fairfax was knocked flat. He could not find a word to say. Duke Bodo noticed his consternation and tactfully retired, adding that what he demanded was the beginning and end-all of his life and that he would submit his proposition in writing for Fairfax's further consideration.

Fairfax, left alone, soon recovered from his first shock. His first thought was: why not?

The sum involved, one hundred and thirty billion gold marks, could always be raised at a pinch; and Daisy's infatuation, the Duke's unflinching will, as well as the

purely business side of the affair made it highly advisable to consider the matter coolly.

What would be the first result of freeing Germany of her war debts? Her exchange as well as all her tangible and intangible assets would simply soar!

And then, before any body knew about the change in the situation, the thing to do would be to lay hands upon every German preferred security, at bottom prices. That would make it possible, nay altogether certain, that he would be able to recover his billions. There would certainly be almost fabulous differences in the rates of exchange! Perhaps —here Fairfax glowed from head to foot with pleasurable anticipations—another vast fortune could be acquired!

He spoke to Daisy, who was wild about the duke's proposal and more in love with him than ever. He was the real thing, by gosh, and the best evidence in the world of what the Germans were capable. Plexin, with whom Fairfax discussed his train of thought, fairly shuddered with awe at the grandeur of the prospect of Fairfax's benefitting himself even more than Germany by coming so magnanimously to her assistance. He declared that such a close alliance with Germany would make it possible to goad her into an even greater mania for consumption so that it would not be necessary to bother about anything else in the world.

For three days Fairfax remained engrossed in his calculations until he came to the conclusion that the transaction was a sure thing. Furthermore it would be proof against all competition, on account of the element of sentiment involved. He went about slowly to secure possession of all the potash, coal, and electric power resources of Germany, and despatched Plexin to France with countermanding orders for the purpose of slowly slackening down the entire hate industry there.

The written communication which Duke Bodo had promised to send was quite exalted in tone. He emphasized both his own heroism and that of Fairfax and construed the affair as an historical event of the year 1920 worthy of study on the part of future historians. Fairfax's answer was royal and brief.

The engagement was celebrated with much pomp, in the presence of the Prime Minister and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, both of whom, as the only two outsiders who knew of Germany's future good fortune, were moved to tears. And on that same eventful evening Fairfax, as it turned out later, with all of sixty years to his credit, returned to his little Alice, in the full flush of his success, and made her the mother of a boy.

For a week all concerned lived in a state of secret ecstasy. All the government bureaus made feverish calculations. Fairfax took control, operating feverishly on the stock exchange and influencing the newspapers behind the scenes. Bodo and his bridewalked on clouds and Plexin wired that Wagner was being given again in Paris and that a different atmosphere reigned both in the Elysée and the Palais Bourbon. An unprecedented wave of fresh German self-confidence was already flowing out of the hotel Unter Den Linden, and though nobody knew anything for certain, Fairfax's influence was beginning to restore public confidence in German officialdom.

Everywhere the German exchange began to go up by leaps and bounds and even the public in the neutral markets, where Fairfax was buying, got wind of things and covered their commitments to the limit with German money. Within eight days a rise of eleven points had already given Fairfax a paper profit of a third of the entire sum demanded by the Duke, with further prospects of brilliantly justifying all his preparations and gratify-

ing his fondest hopes. He was never so happy in his life. While driving through the Siegesallee with Alice, who thought the statues there a dream of beauty, he promised her to buy the lot of them, including the Victory column, and to have them erected in his park in New York with identical landscape effects. When Alice doubted whether they could be bought he assured her with a happy laugh that he had means of bringing the German Government to terms, especially since the symbols of victory had ceased to be appropriate to Berlin. This made Alice scream with joyous laughter.

But now something terrible occurred. One of the telephone girls in the hotel who had been accustomed from war times to report all interesting conversations to the authorities, had taken down a conversation at the beginning of Fairfax's stay between Daisy's and Mumfo's rooms, and had stupidly handed in a literal report. The Lord knows how a copy of this verbatim conversation turned up one morning on the Duke's desk. At any rate the tenor of the conversation, together with certain brief exclamations, left no doubt of the scandalous extent of the intimacy between the two speakers. The Duke turned pale. He realized the catastrophe confronting him. In view of the higher things that were at stake, he sought for a time to evade the truth. But an interview with the telephone girl in question, who gave him a curious look, and accurately recalled the circumstances and many other interesting details, made it impossible to evade the issue.

There could be no doubt about the facts!

He wanted to act right away and confront Fairfax like a heroic statue of bronze. But when he arrived at the hotel the Fairfax carriage was already waiting. He was compelled to join Daisy and her father and drive quickly to the theatre to see a performance of "Minna von Barnhelm."

Here he tried to be cynical with himself and say: what of it? He clenched his teeth and reflected upon the moral laxity of the times. He glorified his exalted purpose in an effort to make himself believe that it was his duty to accept what had occurred. But each time his train of thought became involved in the fate of Minna and Tellheim as it unfolded on the stage. At last the play reached the famous climax where Tellheim (how like himself) says to Minna, in that unforgettable tone:

Tellheim: . . . My honor—

Minna: The honor of such a man—

Tellheim: No Madame, you may be able to judge of any other subject, but not of this. Honor is not the voice of conscience, not the evidence of a few honorable men—

Minna: No, no, I know it well. Honor is . . . honor!

At these words Bodo, in the rear of the box, felt the tears streaming out of his eyes; he knew that it was all over. He could have nothing in common with these Americans who could not understand the simplest feeling of honor, not to mention the honor of an attaché of the Office for Foreign Affairs, a feudal aristocrat, a cuirassier of the Pasewalk regiment, and above all a simon pure Prussian.

His scene with Fairfax the next morning was stony to a degree. Bodo stated the fact succinctly and kept on intoning the word "Honor." But when Fairfax did not understand and called in Daisy, Schleyn-Weyn-Reizenstein stood like a statue in his cuirassier collar, with one hand on his sword and the other raised as if taking an oath, and said: "My honor! Above all, Germany's honor!"

Daisy, without appearing to be particularly moved, answered with an even more metallic voice, as she waved her scented handkerchief towards the door: "Beat it!"



XI

WITHIN the next twelve hours, before anybody had become aware of the incident, Fairfax sold all his recently acquired holdings in marks and other securities with a profit of thirteen points. Despite the moral disgrace that had descended upon him he thus realized a cash profit of several billion marks out of the Reizenstein affair. Thank God it had not been an entire waste of time. But now the Fairfaxes felt a sudden silence about them and remained in icy isolation in Berlin for forty-eight hours. The only news they heard was that Duke Bodo had disappeared and that the Prime Minister had burst into loud sobs on hearing the news. He had hesitated a moment under the stress of the shock but finally had agreed with Bodo and had sent him away with consolation and praise for a short vacation, to rest his shattered nerves.

On the third day, without previous warning, a communistic outbreak occurred in Berlin. This quickly overshadowed all other issues and made every one concern himself with his personal safety. The governmental quarters of the city, in which Fairfax's hotel was situated, were especially endangered. Fairfax and Daisy suddenly found themselves confined behind barricaded shutters and could observe the only European phenomenon which they had not yet witnessed, at close quarters.

Fairfax grew a little worried as the machine gun bullets rattled upon the woodwork but braced himself when

he saw Daisy's brave attitude. She had completely recovered her radiant personality since the Duke's disappearance and was not afraid to peep through the shades to see what was going on in the street below. Gradually the firing began to fascinate Fairfax, so that he forgot about his personal safety and calmly studied the tactics of the two opposing factions.

He criticized the communists for not distinguishing themselves in their outward appearance from the ordinary citizens with whom they were fighting. How could they radiate the essential heroic halo upon each other in the midst of the rain of bullets, attired as they were in their simple overalls? This outward display of frugality not only jeopardized their success but was absolutely repellent. What the communistic soldier needed above all others in such an emergency was a military equipment that would stimulate the belligerent imagination. If Fairfax had had anything to do with this branch of the organization he certainly would not have allowed any differences of political opinion to restrain him from making an offer to the proper authorities to furnish a complete and appropriate equipment. He also observed that the weapons of the proletariat seemed to be inferior; after hours of firing there were still no casualties in the ranks of the enemy. The guns must have been supplied by the Bethlehem Steel Works, who had done business with Germany before the war.

Daisy, who by this time was leaning far out of the window, gave him a disdainful look, such as he had never had from her before. He decided it would be better to keep his future comments to himself.

The street in front of the hotel was directly in the line of fire so that it seemed inadvisable to linger much longer in the hotel especially as the mingled sound of crashes,

explosions and general confusion downstairs in the lobby mounted right up into their rooms. Fairfax decided to follow the advice of the trembling hotel manager to beat a retreat over the roofs of the adjoining houses. The guests and the entire hotel force followed the manager pell-mell; they soon found themselves in the cellar of one of the government buildings. Here Fairfax made the horrified discovery that Daisy was no longer with him.

By the next morning the insurrection had been quelled through the heroic courage of the Prussian militia. Daisy, however, was still missing, and Fairfax would have been utterly prostrated but for Alice's boundless tenderness and her assurances that his child would soon turn up. This seemed all the more probable because the most thorough inquiries failed to show that Daisy had become the victim of foul play. The only discoverable clew was that the main leader and instigator of the insurrection, an agent of the Soviet Government, Turtlebaum or Tirtoieff by name, had also vanished, as if the ground had swallowed him up.

There followed a period of anxious expectation during which Fairfax, deeply disappointed over the contradictory character of the Germans, resumed relations with single-minded France through the help of Plexin, and gave his approval of the decision of the French Government to act the part of a pitiless sheriff towards Germany. Suddenly, at the very moment when he was about to depart for America via Paris with his Alice, he received the following picture postcard from Daisy. It was post-marked Moscow and somehow had managed to reach him. Daisy wrote as follows:

"Dear Daddy: After all this most deadly boredom which only you sometimes so kindly interrupted, Ivan Turtelbaum, known to history as Tirtoieff, finally laid hands

upon me in the Hotel Bristol. He is the first hero I have ever met and has safely brought me here into an atmosphere of inspired experiments and the most heavenly possibilities. The authorities have given me the most hearty and enthusiastic welcome. I am the happiest person in the world and have the brightest hopes of what may be accomplished here. I have seen through all these played-out civilizations of yours, and my greetings to you are: Long live barbarism, my dear old Jimmy!

Daisy."

The card was also signed by Tirtoieff, Tchichirin, Lunacharski, Gorki, and Lenin himself.

Alice exclaimed: "I always told you that that girl had no manners and no education, or else she would not run around with such a bunch of bandits." But Fairfax, after a momentary shock, realized from the signatures of such officials as Lunacharski and Tchichirin, and especially of Lenin, that this communication held what was for him a fateful hint.

Again he felt like a titan looming over the world and its future. The first spark of another plan, whose awful potency frightened even him, leaped high within his breast.

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